

# The Athenian Mercury.

Tuesday, June 18 1695.

We thought we could not more oblige our Readers than by Printing all together in one Mercury, the following POEMS, they being all written by the ingenious Pindarick Lady, and printed Verbatim, as we receiv'd 'em from her.

Eight Notes must for another Treble look,  
In Burlesque to make Faces by the book.  
Japan, and my esteemed Pencil too,  
And pretty Cupid, in the Glass adieu,  
And since the dearest friends that be must part,  
Old Governess farewel with all my heart.  
Now wellcome all ye peaceful Shades and Springs,  
And welcome all the inspiring tender things;  
That please my genius suit, my make and years,  
Unburden'd yet with all but lovers cares.

To one that perswades me to leave the Muses.

To Sir Thomas Travel.

**F**orego the charming Muses! No, in spite  
Of your ill-natur'd Prophecy I'll write,  
And for the future paint my thoughts at large,  
I waste no paper at the Hundred's charge;  
I rob no Neighbouring Geese of Quills, nor sink  
For a collection to the Church for ink:  
Besides my Muse is the most gentle thing  
That ever yet made an attempt to sing:  
I call no Lady Punk, nor Gallants Fops,  
Nor set the married world an edge for Ropes;  
Yet I'm so scurvily inclin'd to Rhiming,  
That undesign'd my thoughts burst out a chiming;  
My active Genius will by no means sleep,  
And let it then its proper channel keep.  
I've told you, and you may believe me too,  
That I must this, or greater mischief do;  
And let the world think me inspir'd, or mad,  
I'll surely write whilst paper's to be had;  
Since Heaven to me has a Retreat assign'd,  
That would inspire a less harmonious mind.  
All that a Poet loves, I have in view,  
Delightful Hills, refreshing Shades, and pleasant Valleys too,  
Fair spreading Valleys cloath'd with lasting green,  
And Sunny Banks, with gilded streams between,  
Gay as Elifium, in a Lovers Dream,  
Or Flora's Mansion, seated by a stream,  
Where free from sullen cares I live at ease,  
Indulge my Muse, and wishes, as I please,  
Exempt from all that looks like want or strife,  
I smoothly glide along the Plains of Life.  
Thus Fate conspires, and what can I do to't?  
Besides, I'm vehemently in love to boot,  
And that there's not a Willow Sprig but knows,  
In whose sad shade I breathe my direful woes.  
But why for these dull Reasons do I pause,  
When I've at hand my genuine one, because!  
And that my Muse may take no counter Spell,  
I fairly bid the Boarding Schools farewell:  
No Young Impertinent, shall here intrude,  
And vex me from this blissful solitude.  
Spite of her heart, Old Puss shall damn no more  
Great Sedley's Plays, and never look 'em o're;  
Affront my Novels, no, nor in a Rage,  
Force Drydens lofty Products from the Stage,  
Whilst all the rest of the melodious crew,  
With the whole System of Athenians too,  
For Study's sake out of the Window flew. }  
But I to Church, shall fill her Train no more,  
And walk as if I sojourn'd by the hour.  
To Stepwel and his Kit I bid adieu,  
Fall off and on, be hang'd and Cospee too  
Thy self for me, my dancing days are o're;  
I'll act th' inspired Backsells no more.

Prompted by that great genius that inspires  
Your Noble Breast with those Heroic fires;  
I need implore no God, or muse to assist  
My thoughts, which now can rise what height they list,  
For the same Spring that your bold motions have,  
Doth make me Love and Celebrate the brave.  
And sure 'twere more than Cupid to refuse  
To such desert, the tribute of my muse.  
To you whose breast doth circumscribe a mind,  
As vast as e're humanity confin'd;  
Which through your life such Glory doth convey,  
That scarce your Eyes more lucent beams display,  
And all you do, and all you say doth bear  
A Godlike and inimitable Air.  
Equipt for war, not Mars in Lemian Arms,  
Blushing and Active lookt so full of Charms;  
And should he now assume mortality,  
He'd look, he'd move and manage all like thee.  
Whilst others Charm'd with an inglorious ease;  
Forget the Royal Victim, of their peace,  
Thou as excited by a Nobler Flame,  
Pursu'st the Deathless Glories of a name;  
And follow'st, prompted by a manly blood,  
Bright Honour wading through a crimson flood.  
May all thy Actions meet their just success,  
And to thy Arms let Charming Glory press;  
My Muse the while fresh Garlands shall design,  
Which round thy brows the Queen of Love shall twine.

Occasioned by the Report of the Queens Death.

When fate had blown among the Western swains,  
The saddest news that ever reach'd their Plains,  
Like Thunder in my ears the sound did break;  
The killing accents which I dare not speak.  
Less was I toucht with that pernicious Dart,  
That peirc'd through mine to reach my Daphnes Heart,  
From off my Head the Florid wreath I tore,  
That I, to please the fond Orestes, wore;  
And quite o'recharg'd with Grief, upon the ground,  
I sunk my Brows, with mournful Cypress Crown'd;  
My trembling Hand sustain'd my drooping Head,  
And at my feet my Lyre and Songs were laid;  
'Twas in a gloomy Shade, where o're and o're  
I'd mourn'd my Lov'd Companions loss before;  
But now I vainly strove my Thoughts to expose,  
In Numbers kind, and sensible as those,  
For, ah! the Potent ill that hit my Breast,  
Were much too vast and black to be express'd!



## JOHN 21. 17.

YES, thou that knowest all, dost know I love thee,  
*And that I set no Idol up above thee,*  
 To thy unerring censure I appeal,  
 And thou that knowest all things, sure canst tell,  
 I Love thee more than *Life or Interest*,  
 Nor hast thou any *Rival* in my Breast;  
 I Love thee so, that I would calmly bear  
 The Mocks of Fools, and bless my happy Ear,  
 Let me from thee but one kind whisper hear;  
 I Love thee so, that for a smile of thine,  
 Might this, and all the brighter Worlds be mine,  
 I would not pause, but with a Noble Scorn,  
 At the unequal sighted offer spurn;  
 Yes, I to Fools these trifles can resign,  
 Nor envy them the World, whilst thou art mine;  
 I love thee as my Centre, and can find  
 No Point but thee to stay my doubtful mind;  
 Potent and uncontroll'd its Motions were,  
 Till fixt in thee its only congruous Sphere.  
 Urg'd with a thousand specious Bait, I stood,  
 Displeas'd, and fighting for some distant good,  
 To calm its genuine Dictates—but betwixt  
 Them, all remain'd suspended and unfixt.  
 I love thee so, *no more than Death to be,*  
 My Life, my Love, my all, depriv'd of thee:  
 'Tis Hell, 'tis Horror, shades and darkness then,  
 Till thou unveilst thy Heavenly Face again;  
 I Love thee so, I'd kiss the Dart should free  
 My flattering Soul, and send her up to thee;  
 O would'st thou break her Chain, with what delight  
 She'd spread her Wings, and bid the World goodnight,  
 Scarce for my bright conductors would I stay,  
 But lead thy flaming Ministerable way,  
 In their known passage to eternal day.  
 And yet the Climes of Light would not seem fair,  
 Unless I met my bright Redeemer there;  
 Unless I saw my Skining Saviours Face,  
 And cop't all Heaven in his sweet embrace.

## CANT. 5. 6, &amp;c.

OH! How his *Person* Language, like a Dart,  
 Sticks to the *softest* Fibres of my Heart,  
 Quite through my Soul the charming Accents slide,  
 That from his *Lips* inspiring Portals glide;  
 And whilst I the enchanting sound admire,  
 My melting *Visals* in a Trance expire.  
 Oh Son of *Venus*, Mourn thy baffled Arts,  
 For I deye the proudest of thy Darts:  
 Undark'd I now, / thy weak Taper View,  
 And find no fatal Influence accrue;  
 Nor would *fond Child* thy techler Lamp appear,  
 Should my bright *Sun* design to approach more near;  
 Canst thou his Rival then pretend to prove?  
 Thou a *passion'd* Idol, he the God of Love:  
 Lovely beyond Conception, he is all  
 Reason, or Fancy amiable call,  
 All that the most extorted thought can reach,  
 When sublimated to its utmost stretch.  
 Oh! altogether Charming, why in thee  
 Do the vain World no Form or Beauty see?  
 Why do they idolize a dusty clod,  
 And yet refuse their Homage to a God?  
 Why from a *beautiful* flowing Fountain turn,  
 For the Dead Fuddle of a narrow Urn?  
 Oh *Canal* Madnels! sure we fallily call  
 So dull a thing as Man is, rational;  
 Alas, my shining Love, what can there be  
 On Earth so splendid to out-glitter thee?  
 In whom the brightness of a God-head Shines,  
 With all its lovely and endearing Lines;  
 Thine with whose sight Mortality once blest,  
 Would throw off its dark Veil to be possess'd;  
 Then altogether Lovely, why in thee  
 Do the vain World no Form or Beauty see.

## Advertisements.

Next Thursday, being the 20th of  
 this instant June, will be published —  
 Some Remarkable Passages in the LIFE

and DEATH of her late Majesty,  
*not hitherto made publick,* as they were  
 delivered in a *General Oration*, Pro-  
 nounc'd by *Publick Authority*, in the  
 Hall of the most Illustrious States, up-  
 on the Day of the *Royal Obsequies*, March  
 5. 1694. Done into *English* from the  
*Latin Original*. Printed for John Dun-  
 ton at the *Raven* in *Jewen-street*, and are  
 also to be sold by *Edm. Richardson*, near  
 the *Poultry-Church*. Price 1 s.

## The new Monthly Chance, wherein

is No Blanks, for 1000 l. Ready Money. The *Adventu-  
 rer* has an impossibility of losing all his money in this.  
 There will be 400 Tickets delivered out at 5 s. per Ticket,  
 which amounts to 1000 l. and will be divided into 400  
 Lots, which are as follows,

No.	l.	
1	at 100 l.	100
1	at 50 l.	50
2	at 30 l.	60
3	at 20 l.	60
4	at 10 l.	40
5	at 7 l.	35
12	at 5 l.	60
20	at 4 l.	80
101 at	2 l.	202
251 at	1 l. 5 s.	313

Whereas I have paid but 1 rs. for these 4 Tickets, I  
 promise to allow 9 s. more out of any Benefits that shall  
 arise.

Note, that any Adventurer may have 4 Tickets for  
 11 s. giving a Receipt as above, to allow 9 s. more out  
 of the Benefits that shall arise; and so in proportion to  
 any sum. If not drawn full, he is to receive the same  
 sum again of the Receiver.

The Underrakers being resolved it shall be drawn  
 quite full at the *Barbadoes Coffee-house* in *Exchange-Ally*,  
*Corn-hil*, have deferred the drawing till the 16th of  
 July next, there being several large Sums already paid  
 in, the manner of Drawing is as follows.

The books being made into 3 Columns, and all prin-  
 ted, the one to be cut out for the *Adventurer*, and the  
 middle margin will be Rolled up with the 10 Numbers,  
 which make 400 Rolls, which will be put into a box, and  
 drawn against 400 benefits in the other box; so he that  
 hath a Number'd Ticket in that Roll, shall receive a 10th  
 part of the benefit that shall happen to arise against it,  
 only there will be 10 p cent. rebated for trouble and  
 charge. The Benefits will be Printed as soon as drawn,  
 for satisfaction of all absent; and will be given gratis  
 by the Receivers, at the charge of the Underrakers.  
 Tickets and Proposals may be had at Mr. *Layfield*  
 the *White-horse*, *Lombard-street*, Mr. *Harrison* the  
*Hen and Chickens*, Mr. *Barrington* the *Rose & Crown*,  
 Mr. *Knott* the 3 *Golden Cocks*, *Cheap-side*, Mr. *Cle-  
 ment* the *George*, *Nengato-street*, Mr. *de Cayne* with-  
 out *Bishops-gate*, Captain *Pitts* next the *Crois Keys*  
*Tavern*, Mr. *Hickens* the *Unicorn* over-against  
*Grays-lin-Gate* in *Holbourn*, Mr. *Cole* over-against  
*St. Dunstan's-Church* in *Fleet-street*, Mr. *Roberts* the  
*Green-Dragon*, Nr. *Bowman* the *Flower-de-luce* near  
 the *New-Exchange* the *Strand*, Mr. *Coleman* over-  
 against the *Kings Brew-house* in *St. Catharines*,  
 Mr. *Witcock* the *Dial* in the *Minorities*, *Goldsmiths*;  
 Mr. *Lloyd's Coffee-house*, in *Lombard-street*, Mr.  
*Edward Alawin*, the *Barbadoes Coffee-house* in  
*Exchange-Alley*, Mr. *Peters* in *Exeter-Chance* in  
 the *Strand*, Mr. *Jonathan Millner* in *Popes-head-  
 Alley* near the *Royal-Exchange*.